

CREOSOTE

Creosote bush burns black grease in the fire
Desperados walk until they fall and die
Dry before they cover thirty miles
In the cruel sun beyond the Golden Line

Chorus:

Waiting for the sky to bleed like rain
Between the border and the interstate
Oh Lord, stuck out here again.

Black flies linger long on pale blue eyes
White lines on the highway hypnotise
Life sleeps in the back while Death drives
Carrion birds swing circles in the sky.

Chorus

Creosote bush burns black smoke in the sky
Aliens walk until the fall and die
Gone before they cover thirty miles
In the cruel joke beyond the Golden Line